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ARDENT LOVE-MAKING *The* RULE IN URUGUAY

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN

Montevideo, Uruguay, May 13. A SIDE from revolutions, Uruguay is probably more noted for its pretty girls than any other thing. The romantic side of southern life has been heralded a great deal, but the average northerner, after sipping up the situation in a sentimental way, is likely to conclude that the courtships are too strict and the marriages not strict enough.

When a young man decides to pay his attentions to a young woman he begins by locating her residence and facing up and down in front of it. He may have to put in several hours a day at this job for weeks and months before he succeeds in getting the young lady to look out of the window. If she looks out while he is doing his solitary sentry duty in front of her home, even though she does not notice him, her action is taken as encouragement to his suit. When she begins to return his ardent glances, after a few weeks more of patient parading, then things may be said to be coming on fairly well.

Up to this time not a word has passed between the young couple. They have never spoken in their lives. All they know of each other's character or disposition is hearsay. The young man now approaches the father of the girl and asks his permission to speak to her. This granted, he approaches the house, and as she leans over the balcony they have their first conversation. There is nothing to prevent the members of the neighboring families from hearing all that passes between them, and there is generally an interested audience to this preliminary skirmish, as it might be called. When the young man finally enters the house he has no more privacy in his courting than if he had remained in the street, because one or more members of the family remain in the room during his call to keep their eyes on him, and listen to what he has to say.

## Marriage a Lottery.

They may listen as attentively as they will, yet they will not hear much. His remarks are confined to complimentary statements to the girl. He begins with her hair and ends with her feet. He tells her that she is beautiful and says it in as many ways as he is capable. She says "Thank you" to all his remarks and the call is over. He never has a moment alone with her until he gets her home from the marriage ceremony. He does not know whether he is getting an angel or a shrew. The bride is going to even more blindly than the groom.

But it all comes out in the wash. The Latin honeymoon is noted for its brevity. The groom's ardency soon burns itself out. He is as indifferent in the role of a husband as he was constant in that of a suitor. The wife accepts his inconstancy and devotes herself to bringing up her children. It would be untrue to say that this is always the case, but it is generally so. The tight manner in which South American men hold their domestic relations is not at all in accordance with Anglo-Saxon standards. The northern wife generally leaves the roof of the man who neglects her so wantonly. Southern men are always starting revolutions and the women ought to try their hand at the game. They certainly have the provocation.

## Knew Every Woman in Town.

The social customs of Uruguay are all radically different from those in vogue in the United States. In our country the gentlemen, when passing lady acquaintances on the street, wait for the fair ones to speak first. The Uruguayans reverse this rule. The men make the first sign of recognition, and when a man doffs his hat to a lady she needs to him whether she knows him or not. This practice gave rise to a good practical joke in Montevideo not long ago. A young man from the States, who had quite a reputation at home for being an active circulator among the ladies, went to the steamer to meet a friend from North America, another young man who seldom missed a pretty girl to pass without saluting her. The first young man had only been in the south a few months, but as they walked up the street it was noticeable that a great many women nodded to him. The second young man said: "You seem to know a few of the girls, even if you have only been here a short time."

His friend looked at him in a chagrined way for a moment, then replied: "Yes, and they are a fine lot. The most scorching people on earth. Why, old fellow, I know every woman in Montevideo. The capital of Uruguay is a city of several hundred thousand inhabitants, and the newcomer cau-

Benito the Water Carrier.

A Lover's Lane in Uruguay.

Montevideo Is Noted for Its Pretty Girls.



All the Comforts of a Home.

Country Lovers in Uruguay.

tioned the boaster to go slow. A bet was made and they started out. In the first block they met five women; in the second, seven; and so on for several squares. Every time the hat came off, there was a smile and a nod in return. The newcomer gave in and told his friend he was a wonder. After he had paid his bet he was told about the peculiar custom, and now he is waiting for some stranger to show up so that he can get even.

## Lizzy Man's Paradise.

Every year is Leap Year in Paraguay. There are six women in the country to every man. A long time ago this little nation passed through a disastrous war, during which the ma-

jor portion of the male population was killed. Strange to say, nature has not corrected this unequal state of affairs, for since that time the great majority of all children born have been girls. A bachelor does not stand any more show of escaping matrimony in Paraguay than an old maid in Alaska. He must marry or give some mighty good reason for not doing so. There are so many women after him that it is less trouble to marry one of them than to be continually bothered by all of them. The prevailing scarcity of men has made the women a rather strenuous lot. From necessity they have learned to do the work generally performed by the sterner sex, and while doing so have not been slow

in taking up some habits that we think are not polite for ladies. They are mighty good judges of smoking tobacco and are large consumers of strong cigars. Although handicapped by a heavy basket on her head, one of them can tack into the wind and light her cigar as cleverly as an Irishman or a cowboy.

They carry tobacco, matches, money, and everything they need in the front part of their waists so that any article they require will be within easy reach without taking the load off their head. After making a sale of fruit or vegetables one of them will toss a coin into the bosom of her dress like a merchant would throw cash into his money drawer. It does not embarrass them in

the least to make change. Men are so scarce that when a woman sets a husband she takes splendid care of him. He can have his meals at any hour, and need never bother his head about the flour barrel being empty—his wife looks after that. In addition to being a great field for the exercise of feminine activity, Paraguay may truthfully be said to rank as a lady man's paradise.

## Some Country Customs.

Country life in these faraway places has many strange features. Although the climate is warm, the people live principally upon meat. Mutton is the great staple. The favorite way of preparing it is to boil it with vege-

tables, after which it is served in a large dish, the family gathering around with knives and spoons, each one helping himself according to his wants. Very little bread is used by the poor natives living in the country districts. The kind that is used is so hard that it is an art to break it in pieces. The principal pastimes are horse racing, card playing, and dancing. The men are perfectly at home in the company of women, and have the reputation of being very accomplished horsemen. But they are very cruel to their beasts. They overwork them and do not properly feed them. The one thing that all travelers notice is the way in which they drive. Instead of going slowly at the begin-

ning of a journey, in order to give their horses a chance to warm up gradually, they put them to the gallop from the start, and as a consequence they are soon winded. Then they lash them unmercifully to keep them on the go. It is pitiful to see a high-strung, spirited animal fairly run off its legs, and then beaten half to death to get a few more miles of travel out of it. The horses are willing enough if they were only handled in the proper manner. The way in which the poor beasts are misused is shocking. It is a frequent sight to see fine looking specimens with one eye knocked out, or an ear missing, all the result of needless cruelty and brutality. A man who will ride his steed at a forced pace all day, and then leave it standing hungry and thirsty all night, while he enjoys himself and takes his rest, is not much of a man, no matter what else may be said of him.

## Do Not Understand Hitching.

Neither do the natives understand the art of hitching their horses to vehicles. They hook on six or seven animals in the most haphazard manner. It is a hard job to get them started and a bigger undertaking to stop them. One of the big lumbering stages will circle a few times in the attempt to get the horses headed right, and when the start is finally made, the pace makes one think of the line in the old song which runs—"Hold onto yer seat, Miss Liza Jane." The natives are skillful card players. They know most all the games, and are up to many tricks. They deal from the bottom and always to the left. It is a slow game that does not end in a fast fight or a cutting scrape. The country people are great lovers of music. Their nightly gatherings are similar to those of the negroes in the southern part of the United States, except that the guitar is used instead of the banjo. One of the country dandies, dressed up for a session with his girl, looks like a character in a comic parade. If she listens to his blarney and goes to live with him, she will be treated but little better than the poor horse who serves him so faithfully and well.

## Redemption of Benito.

This calls to mind Benito, who owned a mule and a woman and a dog. The mule is mentioned first because Benito spent more time with it than he did with the woman. Benito was a water carrier, but he used very little of it himself. He went often to the country saloon where he drank much liquor. Afterwards he always slumbered. Arouning from his drunken slumber, he would curse his woman, kick his dog, and whip his mule as together they went over the hill for more water. Benito's head was covered by a coarse growth of stiff, black hair. His cranium ran up to a point. He was not in the habit of thinking great, lofty thoughts because his head was not shaped for such things. There was a treacherous gleam in his black, squinting eyes. He had a way of laughing when nothing funny had been said or done. Look out for those people who are always giggling when there is no occasion for it. They are just as certain to be angry without reason. Well, to make a long story short, a missionary got hold of Benito one day, and because he giggled like a fool, this good soul thought he had an amiable disposition, and that he ought to be redeemed. The redemption of Benito proved to be a story of disaster with many chapters. If ever a man of God had a sore trial, the native proved such to that missionary. Benito would walk the straight and narrow path for a day or two, then he would let loose like a wild cat. The good man hand written the account of the water carrier's redemption in his denominational paper, under the head of "Another Brand Plucked from the Burning," but before the steamer arrived with the printed copies of the paper, the "brand" was back in the fire again, and had broken one of the mule's ribs with a club. A few days respite only seemed to make him more when he did break loose. The mule and the woman and the dog felt uneasy during one of those quiet spells, because they knew it was merely a calm before the storm.

## To Reform a Bully.

Faithfully did the missionary strive to encompass the soul and conscience of Benito with the doctrine, but some way or another he could not make it stick. There were some of us who believed it was not the missionary's fault, nor the fault of the doctrine he taught, but that his pupil did not have enough brains inside of his head to understand what was expected of him, or, if he did understand, not enough strength of character to comply. Argument is wasted on all of these kind. Force is the only law they know. The most effective way to reform a bully is to use a club.

## On the Hero Fund.

"THAT'S a benefaction and a half," said the idiot as he perused his morning paper, "but I'm afraid it isn't big enough." "To what do you refer?" asked the lawyer. "Mr. Carnegie's hero fund," replied the idiot. "It's a bully idea and has been established with the usual generosity of the donor, but I honestly believe Mr. Carnegie has underestimated the size of the hero crop. It's not the kind of a crop that the peach crop is. The hero is a different sort of a peach altogether. He isn't ruined by protracted drouth or excessive cold in blossoming time, and you can raise him at all four seasons of the year. The result is he never fails, and before they know it the trustees of the fund will be busted."

"Oh, I don't know about that," quoth the Bibliomaniac. "I read the newspapers pretty diligently every day, and I'm blest if I've been impressed by the large number of heroes that this country is producing. On the contrary, a more sordid lot of duffers than those who get their names in the papers these times it would be hard to find. The days of modest chivalry are over, and real heroes are as dead as door nails."

## THE GENIAL IDIOT.

John Kendrick Bangs.

"You have a habit of seeing red, anyhow," said the Bibliomaniac. "For me, one eye is preferable to the pink eye."

"As a disease—yes," said the idiot. "I know of a pair of blue eyes I'd rather have than the whole principle of Mr. Carnegie's endowment, but they don't see blue. They see rose-leaf pink every time, and they can leave me if they'll even so little as glance in my direction. I wish they were contagious enough for me to catch."

"Perhaps if you were a big enough hero to get on the Carnegie list you could catch them," said the Doctor. "You have your heroic moments. Any man who isn't afraid to express your views on almost all subjects in the presence of sane people has some of the elements of the hero in him—misdirected, perhaps, but undoubtedly there, nevertheless."

"Thank you," said the idiot. "I hadn't thought of that. I'll put in my application. Meanwhile Mr. Bib is utterly wrong when he says the hero crop is suffering from blight. The world is full of 'em, and now that Mr. Carnegie has made heroism worth while it wouldn't surprise me if it developed into a great American industry. Some day we may even hope to have schools of heroism in our universities, so that it may be raised to the level of a profession—only it can't be done on an income of \$250,000 a year."

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Digging, the novelist, cabling home accounts of the rose leaf, to which he is invited in Yokohama. Jack Wiggins, the famous writer on Natural History, unable to send his paper vivid accounts of how, with cannon, thundering about him on every side, he ran with General Tachibana along the left bank of the Yalu and captured forty thousand sleeping Russian outposts under Colonel Ryevski, nobly retires to his hall bedroom in a Tokyo boarding house and prepares an article on "The Jurikishaw's Superiority Over the Hanson for Cross Country Riding." Paul Wilkinson Dobbs, the painter, who has gone to the front to make pictures of carnage in seven colors for the comic supplement of the New York Sunday Gaze, held at the rear by the Mikado's orders, heroically turns his palette and brush to account in making stunning sketches of pinning Geisha Girls. And so it goes. Not a man jack of the lot flinches in his duty to his principals at home, utterly regardless of the humiliations of their hard lot or how Homerically the world may laugh at War Correspondents who discuss pink teas and Japanese muscle balls instead of the sterner things of war. When I read Diggins' article on the Tube Rose Tea at Yokohama my eyes filled with tears and I said to myself, "By Jingo! That man is cast in an heroic mold."

"Did you ever drink any of those Jurikishaws?" put in the Genial Gentleman, who occasionally imbibes.

"Sir," said the idiot, "I fear you are flippant. No, I never drank a Jurikishaw and I never shall. I am told they produce wheels in one's eye."

"Then where does their heroism come in?" asked the Bibliomaniac.

"In meeting unflinchingly the fortunes of their misfortunes," said the idiot. "Here is Jimson Waterbury

as having the real stuff of which heroes are made in him."

"Poo! A hero at Sherry's!" sniffed the Bibliomaniac. "Pray, what did he do?"

"He offered the waiter a nickel for a tip," said the idiot. "I'd rather run up San Juan hill or have myself shot out of the tube of a submarine torpedo boat than do that. I'll supply you with the funds to try that act some time. Mr. Bib, if you think you have the courage to undertake it."

"I rather fancy," Mr. Whitechoker ventured at this point, "that if you came to look into the unwritten history of my profession you would find there examples of great heroism involving sacrifices which are the result of long hours of anxious thought and not due to the exhilarating spur of an exciting moment."

"True enough," cried the idiot. "The heroism of the clergy knows practically no bounds. I myself know of two cases in which the most inflexible courage was required and maintained unflinchingly to the end. In my town a certain church was divided into two hostile camps, one side fighting viciously for green paint on the walls, the other with equal asperity for terra cotta. The fight waxed fierce and hot—even the interest on the mortgage was forgotten in the general din of warfare, when in stepped the Reverend Mr. Pounchbury, pale, viaged, hands clenched and his eyes aflame between them, and had the whole edifice painted blue. Eh? What? And with nothing but a lot of unpaid pew rents in the treasury to pay for it, too."

"Ahem!" coughed Mr. Whitechoker. "—ah—I think I'd rather hear about the other case. You said you knew of two, did you not?"

"Yes," said the idiot. "The other

as it comes to me now was not the heroic act of the clergyman himself but of his wife—amounts to the same thing, though. They were new converts and when they arrived at the parish, there were some bachelors waiting for them in spick and span order. Everything in the house was placed exactly where it had stood for twenty years and what do you suppose that woman did? She actually transferred the piano from the west side of the parlor to the east; changed the location of the blue plush sofa in the reception room from the left to the right hand side of the mantel piece, removed the dining room clock from what everyone had for years believed to be its last abiding place; to the second story back bedroom, and worst of all put dainty attractive curtains in her front windows. There was an awful row about it and three prominent families left the church and became Christian Scientists rather than submit, but good Mrs. Pounchbury stuck to her guns and when the matter was brought to Mr. Pounchbury's notice he declined to interfere in any way whatsoever, that family deserves a hero pension for life. And I dare say that you'll find thousands of others like them spread all the way from Maine to California."

"Magnificent, most heroic list!" sneered the Bibliomaniac.

"And only the beginning," said the idiot. "In addition to those people there are the men who are coming out frankly to say that they will be glad to accept the nomination for the Vice Presidency; there are men who still have the courage to go down on Wall Street and buy United States Hot Air Common at \$4; there are Democrats at Oyster Bay there are College Presidents who do not fear to approach

Russell Sage for an endowment; there are reporters on every newspaper in the land who will undertake to ask Grover Cleveland if he will accept a nomination for the Presidency this year; there are Bostonians who use slang and Philadelphians who will roaster all night and New Yorkers who will with a reckless courage beyond description cheer for Tammany and the Lid within 30 feet of Doctor Parkhurst's Church, and yet you, Mr. Bib, say there are no more heroes left. You ought to be ashamed of such pessimism."

Here the idiot rose.

"Well, I guess if that sort of thing makes a hero of a man well and good on the Carnegie books before long," said the Bibliomaniac. "If cheek makes a hero yours sure?"

"No! cheek—nerve," said the idiot. "And I'm going out to qualify now."

"In what way?" queried the Lawyer.

"I'm really interested."

"I'm going to church at St. Grundy's where all our great financiers go, and when my friend, J. Pierpont Duane, possesses the plate I'm going to drop ten shares of the Ship-Building Trust into it," said the idiot. "I paid 47 for them and they are still worth an eighth of one per cent."

"Hell quality," said the Doctor as the idiot left the room.

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An Important Personage.  
(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)  
Cable—What the nerve of that! Merchant—What?  
Cable—Didn't you hear that ship of a boy returning to you as "Bill"? Merchant—Sh! That's our office boy. So long as I can pretend I didn't hear him it's all right.